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MISSIONARY LINK

FOR THE

WOMAN'S UNION MISSIONARY SOCIETY OF AMERICA

DECEMBER, 1911

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THE MISSIONARY LINK

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Address MISSIONARY LINK, 67 Bible House, New York.

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THE MISSIONARY LINK

VOL. XLII. DECEMBER, 1911 No. 12

WOMAN'S UNION MISSIONARY SOCIETY OF AMERICA.

This Society was organized in 1860, and is the pioneer of Woman's Foreign Missionary Societies in America.

It is undenominational, and so it presents a united Christian front to the heathen world.

It is carried on entirely by women, with unsalaried officers.

Its aim is the salvation and elevation of heathen women.

"Win for Christ," its motto.

A THOUGHTFUL writer makes this statement: "Buddhism has pitifully degenerated from the pure purpose of its founder, who made a contribution to the religious life of Asia in the past. Confucianism gave to China a negative moral restraint, but it has centered in ancestral worship, has entailed upon the Chinese an enormous expenditure, congested the population about the ancestral homes, and has destroyed individual liberty. The one hope of China is in the religion that gave birth to modern civilization."

DR. GRIFFITH JOHN, who has been a missionary to China more than fifty years, in his Jubilee celebration said: "I want to assume the rôle of a prophet. Another fifty years and there will be no idols in China! Fifty years and there will be no Buddhist or Taoist priests. In a hundred years I do not think there will be any foreign pastors in China. Why? Because the Chinese Church will have its own pastors in great numbers! China will be all changed."

THE importance of evangelistic work for Chinese women is emphasized by Miss Osborn:

"It is ours to guide the women not only to personal salvation, but also to bring them into their true sphere of power and service. We need to realize that her ideals are shaped by generations of training which contradict every law of love. We should consider her heavy bondage, of which polygamy, slavery, infanticide, infant betrothals, foot-binding are some of the links in the clanking chain. From such experiences has come a reaction of unparalleled bitterness and antagonism, and a fatally low estimate of womanhood and home."

THE Fifth Convention of the National Sunday School Association of Japan was held in Kobe, thousands attending it. It was stated that "a great future is before it, as it faces a need that can only be met by the Christian forces of Japan working together for a common end. No greater dangers are in the national life of Japan than materialism, immorality and irreligion, and the Sunday School seeks to raise the standard."

AT the twenty-fifth anniversay of the founding of the North Japan College in Sendai it was stated "that the school received its first financial encouragement from a poor Japanese widow, who gave twelve pieces of silver, which she had laid by for use in case of her sickness or death. She was present at the services and could not but rejoice at the success to which the school has attained."

ANOTHER farewell meeting for new appointments to India was held October 24th, when we pledged ourselves to fresh and important obligations. One of these missionaries is Miss Fanny Simpson, who goes to the Calcutta Orphanage, where she will train to assume the duties of its superintendence. Miss Bessie White will find her work in the Gardner Memorial School at 140 Dharamtala, Calcutta. To sustain them in responsible duties we will need to keep them in our daily prayers, that no unforeseen contingency may mar their influence and success.

HILL WOMEN OF INDIA.

IN EASTERN LANDS.

INDIA, FÄTEHPUR.

IN THE MEMORIAL DISPENSARY.

By Dr. Mina McKenzie.

THE morning is a glorious one. The sun has not yet risen in all his strength and majesty. For more than a month we have been longing for rain, but it has not yet fallen, and the grass and shrubs have withered and died and the beautiful trees alone remain green. These line the road between the *Lily Lytle Broadwell Hospital* and the *Memorial Dispensary,* which is at the entrance of the city, a distance of three furlongs. Monkeys chatter in the trees. One old fellow, a little more daring than the others, holding his little one in his arms, noiselessly approaches an old woman, who is selling grain by the roadside. While she turns her head to speak with a neighbor, he quickly uncovers the grain with one hand and liberally helps himself. He sees us, and lest we warn the old woman, looks up imploringly as much as to say, "Baby and I are hungry. Please don't tell."

Several little shepherd children with their goats and fun-loving kids pass us. Their little hands go up to their foreheads in graceful salutation—meaning "peace be with you." The brightest of smiles transform their dusky faces. An *ekha* meets us, and the owner, whose wife has sometimes received treatment, wishing to show his gratitude and respect, gravely salutes us and stands aside while we pass.

Opposite the Dispensary the shoemakers, who gave up their homes that there might be space for our building, are standing with their wives and children and their friendly greetings brighten our day.

This is *bazaar* day. Near our gate several carts, some of them have come twenty and thirty miles, are waiting with their freight of women and vegetables. The men sell the vegetables while the women receive treatment in the Dispensary. Inside the grounds more carts and *ekhas* and groups of people are waiting. They have come with some sick friend.

We enter the building and on the table are some fragrant beautiful white blossoms, a gift from Eva, Matron of the Rescue House, formerly one of our Cawnpore girls. Thirty

or more suffering ones are already gathered, and each face brightens as a welcoming glance is turned in their direction.

Seating all these sick ones and their women friends in an adjoining room, where the nurses join us, a portion of God's message of love is read and explained to them. Ofttimes eyes are wet with tears when the suffering of our Saviour for them is told. The expressions on their faces show that many a heart is searching after the truth. When prayers are offered, those on seats often leave them for the more reverent position on the floor, and with bowed heads try to follow our petitions. Thanks given and the guidance of our Master's Spirit sought for ourselves and them, the medical work begins. Ofttimes, however, a poor woman, who has come a long way, comes near and whispers, "I could not come yesterday, and I missed the Bible lesson and prayer."

The nurses and compounders go quietly about their duties. Their faces are bright, lit by the Master's love, with a welcome for each patient, no matter how repulsive the case may be. Often sores that have not been treated for months can easily be detected by the odor before they reach the building. But for the grace and love of Christ, coming in contact with these would not be pleasant. Often, too, there are loathsome diseases where absolute danger of contagion is involved in a touch, yet never once have I seen our nurses approach them with anything but a kindly manner and gentle touch.

The Register is opened. The old patients have their cards examined, and any changes made in orders that may seem necessary. Unless an advanced state of tuberculosis or some other practically incurable disease, the cheery reply is generally, "Bahaert faida hai." (There is great gain). "Your medicine has done me much good." Or if it is a surgical case that was just operated on, "My pain is gone and I can sleep now."

One mother who has travelled many miles has a beautiful little girl of three in her arms. The name on the card is Dukarie (pain). The little one had suffered greatly and was not able to stand. An operation the day before had given her such relief, that, feeling she could sleep, she said to her mother: "It is the kindness of God." Each day she comes, she watches her dressing with interest and scarcely any fear. That finished, the baby arms go up for us to lift her from the table, trusting to our knowledge and gentleness more than to her mother's love. I asked the mother if this dear baby had no other name than Dukarie. She replied that at first she had been called Khubsurati (beautiful), and at my request she smilingly promised to resume the latter name.

The next patient is a high-caste Hindu boy of ten. The awful odor and filthy wraps tell too clearly a tale. He has had a compound fracture above the elbow of his left arm more than a month ago. It is gently cleansed and bandaged. The boy's mother is dead, and it is his grandmother who has persuaded his father to bring him. We tell them that the only hope of saving his life lies in the removal of his arm. Both the child and his grandmother are eager to have it done. No entreaties, however, can move the father to grant his permission. He has come from an ignorant village where the priests have ordered him not to allow amputation. With sorrowful hearts we see our little friend depart.

Our next patient is a dear girl of fourteen, although no larger than one of ten. She is not married, as no one would have her, she has been ill so long. I well remember the first day I saw the child and wondered if she could possibly live. Unable to stand or move, the dried skin drawn tightly across the sharp irregular bones, the eyes sunken and the expression indescribably old and weary, she presented, indeed, a pitiful object. Added to this, she said she was starving, and from her appearance indeed she might have been. She had no sister and her mother was dead. Her brother brought her from a distant village, and she had never known love or care. One of the treats she looked forward to, and that lit her face with radiance, was each day being lifted in my arms and carried to the door. Her pain was forgotten, and only the new friends she had found are remembered. To-day she is walking and comes forward to greet us with a smiling face that is almost beautiful, and courtesies with the sweetest grace.

Another patient comes forward, a woman of forty-five, who surely has known sorrow, every line of the gentle yet firm womanly profile showing its trace. Her tale is so sad that it could not be repeated. She has walked forty miles to find succour from her dread disease. I had noticed her face in the morning when I told of our Saviour who could not only cure bodily diseases, but wash away sins and give pure hearts. Now she asks

further about that Saviour and will tell her neighbors what she has heard.

A noise is heard in the outer room, as some one has been seized with an epileptic fit and must be attended to at once. This done, a mother comes forward holding something in her arms and claiming immediate attention. Ah! it is too late. The unaided fight against double pneumonia has been too much for the tiny mite. The mother had only just heard of our work, and had come a long way for relief. Now she must carry her dead baby home.

Another struggles forward with a heavy burden. It is a child of ten, covered with smallpox. She has in vain worshipped the Maharani (great queen), as they call the smallpox goddess, but she had not been pleased to send relief. Yet another mother whose pale face shows the fear clasps a wan sunken babe to the breast, the dreaded cholera having its hold on the little victim. Others claim attention with languid, tired eyes, tortured with malarial fever for months. Others are there who need more serious surgery and have to be taken to the Hospital or asked to come at some later date.

Thus the morning passes. A word of pleasant farewell to the nurses, who have proven such worthy helpmates, and we are again in the sunshine, bringing with us the lovely white flowers, our morning gift.

Scarcely a green thing can be seen, save the trees and waving palms, too high for the hungry goats to reach or the shepherds to break for them. Several of our Sunday School children run eagerly to meet us, and look longingly at the flowers with expectant faces. When the fragrant white blossoms in their green setting reach their little brown hands our reward is a radiant smile and *salaam*. The children's love is indeed well worth the cost, but ours is that deeper joy—fellowship with the Divine Creator of all joy and gladness.

OFF TO THE HILLS.

By Dr. Grace Spencer.

SALAAM, Miss Sahibje—and the train puffed out of the station, leaving us pleasant memories of the loved faces as we sped off North toward the cool hill stations—that we might escape for awhile the great heat, and have better opportunities for a study of the new tongues.

A day and a night in a close compartment, and we arrived at Dehra Daun, from whence we travelled some four miles in *tumtums* to Rajpur, then to mountains, some 8,000 feet above the sea.

Imagine my surprise when six Indian men appeared, carrying a light wooden canoe-shaped conveyance, a *dándé*, on their shoulders, and invited me to ride therein. I protested against being carried in this way, especially when I saw that one young coolie seemed to have difficulty in breathing, going up the steep mountain roads. "We shall have no food if we do not get work, and money," they said. So I went on still, however, feeling very uncomfortable. What was my amazement to see men all along the way carry huge boxes, trunks, and even pianos on their backs. It is the wish often of one man to carry as much as 240 pounds, for then he gets a larger wage—equal to that of ordinary coolies for a week.

They are a light-hearted people, laughing and joking among themselves. A rather weighty gentleman was going up one day, and to his amusement overheard the men singing quietly to themselves, "Elephant's baby, elephant's baby," keeping time with their feet, not realizing that the Engiishman understood their mountain language.

In the hills richer vegetation greeted us, more pleasing than I had yet seen; tall palm trees, broad-leaved banana trees, and many curious tropical plants and flowers. Higher up, what was our delight to see cedars, firs, tall rhododendrons with brilliant scarlet flowers, and gnarled oaks, their leaves white beneath and their trunks moss-ladened. A week or so later the white roses bloom, some of them growing up through the tree branches, making a very pretty sight.

The ascent took us nearly three hours, passing through Missourie, where there are pretty English homes. We passed also an Indian *Raja's* brilliantly colored palaces—up through the Indian bazaar, an interesting thoroughfare. Here the Kashmiri brings his Indian cloths, the woodcarver his curious handiwork, the *boxwala* his endless odds and ends, and the fruitmonger tropical fruits, all hopeful of finding sale for their wares to the many holiday-makers who come up this mountain-side. Wonderful salesmen they are, tempting many with the *"Bari* (cheap bargain) *memsabib."*

With no front walls to the shops, one very easily sees all the wares from the middle of the street. It is a very common sight to see a little group of men seated on the floor of the shop smoking the *hugga*, or someone else

lying sound asleep across the doorway, or another going through the Mohammedan form of prayer, his face toward Mecca.

Many bright brown-faced lads are there with big baskets on their backs, ready to carry all one's parcels for a few *pice*. "Do you live here?" I asked one little twelve-year-old. "No, I have come for work," he said. "I am the oldest of a large family. I will stay for a few days—then take my money home to buy them food." Home comforts are unknown to most of the lads. When they are tired, they lie down and sleep by the roadside—a few *pice* are sufficient for their food, while a bit of blanket and a very few yards of earth-colored cloth are quite sufficient for clothing.

We may meet the *bihisti,* too, bowed with the burden of his huge skin water-bottle, toiling up to supply our need, or the grass-cutter, almost completely hidden under his immense load of grass—a curious-looking sight from the back, as one can often see only two brown bare feet beneath the great load.

One of the most picturesque sights was the coolie with his load of freshly cut oak-bough—the grey-green leaves, moss-covered branches above the darker brown blanket on his back. "What is your salary?" I asked. "Eight cents a day," he answered.

The postman with his scarlet coat and gold-peaked turban, the police in his suit of khaki, and the submissive donkey carrying a huge zinc water-bottle, trailing up the mountain paths, and the long-haired, ash-begrimed mountain *fakir* were interesting sights in a day's ramble.

Many happy hours of rest and study were spent in a Missionary Home, and friends made, some of them quite new to the customs, languages and mysteries of this great country, but eagerly looking forward to the opportunities and tasks that lie before them; others growing older in the service consecrated, chastened, enriched by fellowship with Him whose co-workmen they are. Here in Landour is a finely-situated school for the children of American Missionaries, preventing a little of the suffering of long separation which families must have in foreign service. One afternoon a concert was held, and Americans from all over the mountainside assembled. It was an interesting gathering, but more glorious was the celebration of the Fourth of July, when American fathers and mothers took their Indian-reared children off on a picnic, waving tiny star-spangled banners and singing American patriotic songs. Well may America be glad that her sons and her daughters are rousing to the great summons of the "King of Kings": "Go ye into all the world."

How happy to meet these messengers of the King—joyous, talented and consecrated—filled with the Spirit of the One who said, "He hath annointed me to preach the Gospel to the poor; to heal the broken-hearted. . . .

Back to the plains we go, refreshed, rested, strengthened by the beauty of the hills, the quiet of the Missionary Home that had opened its doors for us, the fellowship with other workers—and the help of an especially efficient teacher.

PERSONALS.

India—Fätehpur: Miss Margaret Harris writes: "India's millions will never be reached until each Christian convert, the humblest as well as the highest, feel their necessity to take the Gospel to their own countrymen and women. We have a missionary meeting every week and our girls work in their spare time to earn money for the cause of Christ in this land. In the Zenanas God's Holy Spirit is working among the fifty regularly visited. We are the only witnesses for Christ in this town among the poor *purdah* women who are prisoners in more than one sense. We much need a suitable country tonga for the work. We are praying to God to supply this great need."

Japan—Yokohama: Miss Loomis sends this encouragement: Baron Kanda, the Head of the Higher Commercial School in Tokyo, said: "Let me in this connection pay a humble tribute to that noble band of American missionaries and teachers who have consecrated their lives to the cause of moral and intellectual elevation of our people,—that noble band headed by the late lamented Dr. Hepburn, who with the crown of over four-score years and ten, but with a still brighter one of his immortal work left in the hearts of his pupils, here, has recently gone to his well earned rest. He has left behind him not a few pupils who have since risen to posts of great importance in the life of new Japan, among whom I may point with pride to my honored friend, the President of the Bank of Japan (Baron Takahashi), present to-night. But there are many Hepburns, Verbecks, Browns, and Williams, the lasting influence of whose labors it is impossible to overestimate. And I am glad to say that this noble band is constantly recruited, and is ever swelling, whose influence is deeply stamped upon the rising generation and will be felt indirectly through generations to come."

HERE AND THERE

THE ONE THING NEEDFUL.

NOTHING is more inspiring and satisfactory in foreign mission work than the direct connection between a donor in this country, and a representative in the distant lands we are trying to flood with the privileges of the Gospel of Christ. If it be a missionary who is our substitute, how tenderly we bear her on our hearts, realizing that as the hours and days pass she is accomplishing what we would like to attempt. If we have selected one of the lambs of the flock to train for service to the Good Shepherd, with what a prophetic eye do we dwell on the power she may become among the myriad little ones of the Orient. How we watch for tidings of our humble Bible women who thread dark lanes or busy marts in the far East sowing the seed with persistent diligence, we upholding them by the power of our gifts and interest.

Our prayers follow these patient messengers of Glad Tidings, we try to make weary homes lighter by sending gifts selected with care for individual needs and tastes, and we heartily enjoy the inspiring thought that as the sun rises and sets our partnership in the vast blessed work never ceases. It is all helping and inspiring, nor would we have it otherwise.

But there rises before the longing eyes of those who "sit over against the treasury" one shadow which only faith can dissipate. After all, the heaviest demand remains on our general treasury, which is the pivot on which the maintenance of everything depends. To name only the most prominent outlays which are almost self-evident, are the passages of fresh appointments with their outfits, and the return of veteran missionaries on furlough.

Our Union Society has been obliged to reinforce many of its stations within the last few months, or see the flourishing and successful departments of work languish. This has entailed a greater expenditure at one time than we have ever faced in this direction.

Who will come to our help *now?* Without question we touch every legacy that comes to us with reverential gratitude, and if its object is not designated we conscientiously place it where it will bear the richest fruits. But is there not an added satisfaction to the donor in watching during lifetime where a consecrated gift is turning into countless blessings, as it reaps the reward of evident achievement? Stimulating advice is given by Thomas K. Beecher: "Use money as currency. Keep it running, bearing burdens of blessings and exhaling fragrant thanksgiving every time."

Has any one seriously considered who pays for the repairs on our foreign property which are imperative in every established work?

Guard as conscientiously as we may legitimate expenditures, have you thought of the outgo for printing which is essential for diffusing intelligent information about our missions? No successful work can afford to do without its presentation at anniversaries or other stated meetings. But these involve expenses in bringing our missionaries often from a distance, to tell their inspiring tales of obstacles overcome, and success achieved.

Now as we have taken you into our confidence, will you let it dwell in your mind, and touch your sympathy for the *general treasury,* so that something you may be planning to bestow on us will include this necessity? *Remember we want it now.*

Here are some grains of gold: "Christian contributions are acts of worship. They spring out of devotion to God—and His work in the world. The contribution is a central act of worship. Is directed toward God, and ranks alone with prayer."

"Wherever people rise to a high motive wonders are accomplished."

"Half the happiness in living
Comes from willing-hearted giving,
Comes from sharing all our pleasure,
From dividing all our treasures.
And the other half is loving
First the Lord, then all things living.
For all happiness in living
Comes from loving, and from giving."

REAPING.

FOR many years one of our prominent Branches has contributed to the Tabeetha Mission School carried on by Miss Walker Arnott in the town of Jaffa, Syria. Her recent death was noticed in *The Christian,* and a sketch of her successful work has created a wide interest. A few extracts from this valuable digest will give a clearer idea of the consecrated life of one of the Lord's handmaidens.

"Miss Walker Arnott's health was frail, and in 1858 she was led to make a voyage to Palestine, and to take up residence for a time in Jaffa.

"On March 16, 1863, in a small house in one of the narrow, crooked, evil-smelling streets of the old town, she gathered a little group of girl-pupils and began, simply, quietly, and unaided, the Tabeetha Mission which has for forty-eight years been a power for good in Jaffa, and to-day stands firmly rooted in the respect and affection of the people.

"With the expansion of the work the cramped premises in the old town proved insufficient, and Miss Arnott found herself face to face with the question of buying land and building a house.

"In 1875, the building was ready for occupation and Miss Arnott settled in the new, large, airy premises which were to be her home for thirty-six years.

"It was not long before the new boarding-school was filled to overflowing; for the value of education for women was beginning to be realized, and it was no longer thought absurd or dangerous to teach a girl to read and write.

"In addition to the boarding-school Miss Arnott established day-schools in various parts of Jaffa. The teachers of these have been trained in the home-school, and live there. Of late years a large industrial work, of great benefit to the poorest class of the Christian and Moslem women, has been set on foot, and is carried on with much success by the head of Miss Arnott's Syrian staff, herself an old pupil of the school.

"Out of school hours Miss Arnott went from house to house, her Arabic Bible in her hand, teaching older women, and performing kindly offices for all. There are some still living who speak of 'the tall lady with the blue eyes,' of these early days, with a blessing on her for the good words which she spoke and the good deeds which she did."

SERIOUS ASPECTS IN INDIA.

By STANLEY A. HUNTER.

MUCH has been said and written concerning the new university that the Mohammedans have in sight and the institution that the Hindus are planning. After a whirlwind campaign in which countless individuals of the sixty million Mohammedans of India joined, nearly twenty-five lakhs of rupees or $833.00 was raised, and it is hoped King George V. will lay the corner-stone on his trip to India this December. The university of the Moslems will use the present Mohammedan college at Aligarh as its nucleus, but will take under its protection other Mohammedan colleges throughout India, and every student of it will have to pass an examination in Moslem theology as well as western science before he secures his degree. It means that the Hindu youth will be given thorough drill in orthodox Hindu doctrine, so the movement is one that should receive careful attention in missionary circles.

Hindus say: "Formerly education was more or less the monopoly of Brahmins who, in elevating themselves intellectually and morally, did no little injury to other castes whom they successfully sought to keep down as more inferior beings. The greatest good that British rule has done to the country is the placing of the whole people on an equal footing in the eye of the law, and the effect it has produced in leveling up all without caste distinctions. We have a government which has secured to our country the inestimable blessings of peace and security and religious toleration."

Religion has to be re-established in men's minds as the sovereign ruling power, a real, vital, burning, all pervading, all embracing, religious faith which believes in a God, and in the worship of the Father by means of service of His children,

MEMORIAL.

THE Summer brought a great loss to our Baltimore Branch in the death, August 11th, of Mrs. Alvin N. Bastable. As early as 1869 she gave liberally to our work and became the Recording Secretary of the Branch in 1879. Since 1909 she added the duties of Treasurer to her former office, fulfilling each with regularity and power.

One of her especial interests was the support of a child in our Mary A. Merriman Orphanage at Cawnpore, India, while a pupil in our Bridgman Memorial School in Shanghai, China, also shared her fostering love.

The benefactions of this consecrated servant of the Master in her own city were varied and far-reaching in their influence, and testify to the truth that those who are largely interested in what are called Home Missions, make the greatest power in a work which embraces the world.

Vacant places always seem difficult to fill, but we look to a new generation for recruits, to carry on the traditions fostered by self-abnegating, devoted women of the Cross.

PUPILS AT THE SARAH F. GARDNER MEMORIAL.

FOR MISSION BANDS.

SHOROJBASHINI DEVI.

By LILLIAN NORTON.

SHE came to our Gardner Memorial School in Calcutta one morning when we were very busy, and said, "Can you take me into your school? I want to study the Bible, I want to learn English. My mother cannot keep me in her house, for she is a Hindu and I have become a Christian. I was baptized five months ago. I am living now with the Brahmos, but they will not let me read the Bible."

The Brahmos (*not* Brahmins) are a sect rapidly increasing in India. They are educated Hindus who understand the utter uselessness of idol worship, and the cruelty of the caste system, and who have formed a society of their own, worshipping one true God, the Creator and Father of mankind, who is Love and has all the attributes the Christians give Him. But they say there is no necessity for a Saviour, for God himself accepts and takes to Himself those who have lived good, kind, moral lives while on earth. Since they do not acknowledge the caste system their lives have much more of comfort, pleasure and education than those of the Hindus. Their widows are not down-trodden but are free and happy and may marry again.

It was with these Brahmos that Shorojbashini was living, but she wanted the Bible; she wanted Christ, and she begged to be allowed to come to us, saying that her mother, although a Hindu, was willing to pay her fees in a Christian school.

After inquiries and proper arrangements the girl came to us, and is with us now. Let me tell you her story in her own words.

"My parents are Hindus, but I learned to read in a little Hindu Mission school. My mother was glad to have me read, for she herself had learned. I was married when I was only twelve, and was still in my father's house." (The higher class of Hindus, who are fairly rich, can keep their daughters in their

own homes until they reach a certain age, after which they must go to their husband's house). My mother, rather than have me suffer all the great privations, the lot of every widow, never mind how young she may be, decided to send me to the Brahmos. I had an uncle among them and was sent to live with him. They saw it was my great desire to continue studying, so they sent me to a Brahmo technical school, where, besides the study of books, we were taught spinning, weaving and wool work, whereby we might, if necessary, be able to support ourselves.

"I had a great thirst for knowledge and a greater thirst for God and to find the true Saviour. The Brahmos themselves even then would say to me, 'You have the kind of hunger for God that only the Christians can appease;' and I found it true.

"One day the Lady Inspectress of Government schools came to see this school. She said to me, 'We are going to have a Hindu school for widows in Calcutta, would you not like to come to it?' My uncle, seeing my desire for knowledge, let me go. A Brahmo widow whom they sent to England to prepare for this work, was superintendent of the school. She would say, 'I want you to study very hard, and pass these examinations so as to make a name for our school.'

"Of course, I heard nothing of Christ in this school. I tried hard in the studies, but my head refused to do the work, and I became ill. The doctor said I must not study for two years, so I went back to the Brahmo Refuge. Two or three years later some Brahmo ladies came there, looking for teachers who would be willing to go to Lucknow to teach in a new Government Hindu school there. I had learned enough to be able to teach in their lower classes, and so I went. After a while I saw that all the Government papers, directions, plans of teaching were in English, and a great desire to study English came to me. I told the lady inspectress about it and she arranged for me to go to the Thoburn College in Lucknow for English. I was there one year, and it was while there I found my Saviour, and with that I found peace in God at last. I confessed Him and was baptized last March.

"I am a Bengali girl, and I soon found that the Urdu language and the Hindustani food and customs and ways were new to me and I could not get accustomed to them. I found Urdu very hard to learn. Then again I fell ill and asked to be sent back to Calcutta. So the lady put me on the train and sent me off. I went to my mother and told her all. She said: 'I cannot keep you nor feed you, for you are a Christian, but I will give you money to go to a Bengali Christian school.' As I knew no Christian school or home I was an outcast again, and went back to the Brahmo Refuge. They have told me to stay with them and be one of their missionaries. They are good to me, and they say, 'We do not worship idols. We praise and serve God. Is not our religion good enough for you?' I told them I could not be one of them again, for I had found Christ. And now I say, I must be where I can learn more about Him and study the Bible. Can you take me?"

This was her story. She has been with us nearly a month now, and we have found her in every way all that we would have her, so far as she is able. She is very young in the Christian life and very eager and earnest. Our desire is to keep her to be some day a true Christian missionary. Will you pray for her?

CONTEST PRIZES.

The Indian Witness tells us:

"The Young Woman's Christian Association grounds were literally jammed with over five hundred spectators and contestants. La Martiniere, Calcutta Girls' High School, Pratt Memorial, Bethune College, Lee Memorial, L. M. S. Girls' School, Gardner Memorial, Diocesan College were represented, and the competitors exceeded 120. The girls were over 14 years of age."

Miss Norton, Superintendent of the Gardner Memorial, adds: 'Our girls won first prize in drilling, and third prize in singing. In the latter the first prize was won by an English school, and in the drilling our scholars came in *ahead* of the English girls. The drill was really very pretty. Our prize was a beautiful Union Jack flag. One of our girls wanted to write you all about our school-song and colors—red and gold. The girls wear these on special occasions, and they stand for the Gardner Memorial School. The crimson is for bravery and courage, and the gold for truth.' This is one stanza of our school song:

I.

God bless our Gardner School.
Oh, hallowed house wherein we pray
And sing to God above.
Wherein we learn the Christlike way
Of mercy, truth and love.
Where childhood, girls and maidens meet
To worship at the Saviour's feet.
God bless our school.

RECEIPTS *of the Woman's Union Missionary Society of America, from September 1 to September 30, 1911.*

ALLAHABAD, INDIA.

N. Y.—Albany Br., Miss E. M. Van Antwerp, Treas. Rensselaer St. Union Bible School, for support of school, 50.00; Brooklyn, "Life Line Mission," per Mrs. F. H. Marston, 30.00,	$80 00	
N. J.—Newton, Miss M. F. Kanouse 20.00; Scotch Plains and Fanwood Woman's League, Mrs. R. E. Drake, Treas., 14.00, both for Miss Wishart's work,	34 00	
Va.—Alexandria, Mrs. Anson Dodge,	60 00	
Total,		$174 00

CALCUTTA.

Mass.—Northampton, Smith College Mis. Dept., Miss Eleanor Cory, Treas., for Gardner Mem'l School,	$50 00	
N. J.—Scotch Plains, Lend-a-Hand Society, Miss Emily Jopling, Treas., for Christomoni,	12 50	
Pa.—Germantown, X. Y. Z. Society, Mrs. S. Le Bounaffon. Treas., salary of Bible Reader, 60.00; Converts' Home, 15.00; Merion, Mrs. John Marston. for "Elizabeth Marston," orphan, 12.50,	87 50	
Total,		$150 00

CAWNPORE.

Mary Avery Merriman Orphanage.

Mass.—Lowell, Y. W. C. Ass'n, Miss M. C. Field, Sec'y, for Punmie,	$10 00	
N. Y.—Brooklyn, Miss P. W. Montague, for Shamrie, 20.00; Miss J. L. Atwater, for orphan, 15.00; N. Y. City, Sea and Land Miss. Soc., Miss Goulding, for orphan, 10.00; Yonkers, Mr. L. W. Ketchum, for two orphans, 50.00,	95 00	
N. J.—Passaic, Mrs. C. H. Demorest, quarterly for support of Dhumia,	7 50	
Pa.—Lancaster, Miss Mary Gochnauer, for Razi,	5 00	
Total,		$117 50

FÄTEHPUR.

Rescue work,		
Mass.—Boston, Miss E. H. May, 300.00; Mrs. F. W. Owen, per Miss Todd, 100.00, for Miss Dunant's salary,	$400 00	
Miss C. S. May, 21.35; Mrs. Percy Russell, 10.00; Miss Ganoug, 15.00; Mr. Worrell, 15.00, for Conveyance Fund,	61 35	
Miss Ganoug's School (Rothesay, Canada), for Mithanya and Khalasia,	30 00	
Miss E. Frost's Circle of Girls (Montreal), for Radhia,	20 00	
Mr. Barter (Me.), for Women's Home,	1 00	
Collection at Boston aux. meeting, for Sarju,	5 75	
		$518 10
N J.—Scotch Plains, Mrs. H. S. Fullerton, for Dr. Mackenzie's work,		5 00
Total,		$523 10

JHANSI.

Mary S. and Maria Ackerman Hoyt Hospitals.

N. Y.—Freeville, Miss A. T. Van Santwood, Miss Morrison's salary	$600 00	
Mich.—Grosse Pointe Farms, Mrs. Edwin Lodge, support of Nurse,	50 00	
England—Margate Home of Rest, Mrs. C. Hills, for "Elizabeth Cot,"	24 40	
Total,		$674 40

SHANGHAI, CHINA.

Mass.—Northampton, Smith College Miss. Dept., Miss Eleanor Cory, Treas., for M. W. Hospital,	$50 00	
N. Y.—N. Y. City, A Friend, for Evangelistic work,	50 00	
Pa.—Robesonia, Mrs. S. E. Keiser, for Budgman Home,	5 00	
Md.—Baltimore Br., per Mrs. E. C. Wright, Medical Mission Band, Mrs. E. P. Wheeler, for M. W. Hospital, Dr. Reifsnyder's asst.,	50 00	
Calf.—Mills College, Tolman Band, Mrs. F. A. Maderson. Ass't Treas., for M. W. Hospital,	50 00	
Total,		$205 00

YOKOHAMA, JAPAN.

N. Y.—Brooklyn, Mrs. Peter McCartee, 15.00; Corona, Levenich Mem'l Band, Mrs. M. Le Fort, Treas., 15.00, for Bible Readers,		
Total,		$30 00

GENERAL WORK.

Mass.—Boston Br., Miss Cora Tuxbury, Treas., Miss Mary Speare, through Miss Lowell, 1.00; Mrs. L. Parker, 1.00; Miss Margaret Nelson, 1.00; Mrs. J. M. Hubbard, 1.00; Mrs. Edward Moore, 2.00; Miss Mary Spalding, 1.00; Miss Evelyn Dix, 1.00; Miss Janet Goddard, 1.00; all annual membership fees. Mrs. Fred'k Cunningham, 10.00; Mrs. J. J. Clark, 5.00; Mrs. J. M. Hubbard, 5.00; Mrs. L. S. Peabody, annuals,	$34 00	
Mrs. Walter Baker Mem'l Band, The Extra Cent a Day Band of Second Ch., Dorchester, for Miss McLean's expenses,	8 00	
		$42 00
N. Y.—N. Y. City, Friend, 900.00; for passages of Missionaries, 600.00; Mrs. Russell Sage, per Mrs. H. L. Pierson, 100.00,		1,600 00
Total,		$1,642 00

JUBILEE FUND.

N. Y.—N. Y. City. A Friend,	$10 00	
N. J. Paterson, Miss Julia Redman,	5 00	
Total,		$15 00

SUBSCRIPTIONS TO MISSIONARY LINK.

Mr. L. W. Ketchum, .50; Miss H. W. Todd, .50; Miss Elizabeth Gould, 1.00; Mrs. Fred Gardner, .50; Miss L. I. Hallett, .50. Total, $3.00.

WILLING AND OBEDIENT BAND.

Rev. D. M. Stearns, Germantown, Phila., Pa.

Calcutta—Mrs. L. A. Ross, for Bible woman,		$6 00
Cawnpore—Mrs. C. W. Reihl (6 months in advance) for Mrs. Maycock, 15.00; Mrs. B. B. Brown, for Lockhuga, 20.00,		35 00
Jhansi—Dr. and Mrs. Jessie Ramsburgh, 5.00; Mr. W. H. Bower, 5.00 for their Bible women.		10 00
Japan—Miss E. G. Fradley, for Koloji Ito,	$15 00	
"Unto Him," for Harada Shobi,	10 00	
Mrs. J. W. Howe, for Isuru Tijima,	10 00	
Dr. and Mrs. Jessie Ramsburgh, for Station,	5 00	
Mr. and Mrs. C. L. Hutchins, for Kono Yoshida,	5 00	
Mr. W. H. Bower, for Sida Sitsu,	5 00	
Miss A. R. Harper, for Tadayo Iguchi,	10 00	
Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Fredericks, for Luga Mori,	5 00	
Mr. and Mrs. G. T. Bisel, for Maru Yachiyo,	5 00	
Mr. and Mrs. Neilson Olcott, for Moto Iwamara,	5 00	
Ardmore First Preb. Ch. S. S., Mr. R. B. Horsburg, for Sei Ishazaki,	15 00	
Miss M. T. Davis, for Bible woman,	60 00	
Miss H. D. Brown, for Bible woman,	5 00	
Miss Jennie Cake, for Toku Ozawa,	5 00	
		$160 00
Total,		$211 00

SUMMARY.

Allahabad,	$174 00
Calcutta,	156 00
Cawnpore,	156 50
Fätehpur,	523 10
Jhansi,	684 40
China,	205 00
Japan,	190 00
General Fund,	1,642 00
Jubilee Fund,	15 00
Link Subscription,	3 00
Total,	$3,749 00

MARGARETTA W. HOLDEN MORGAN, Ass't Treas.

Interest and dividends, July,	$1,183 54
Cash from Estate of Delia S. Clarke,	7,931 63
Interest and dividends, September,	825 51
Legacy from Estate of Ellen M. Bryant,	1,000 00
	$10,949 68

Gift from Mrs. Samuel J. Broadwell.

Twenty-seven shares International Nickel Co. preferred stock.
Twenty shares American Car and Foundry Co. preferred stock.
To establish a fund to be known as the "Samuel J. Broadwell Memorial Fund" to be kept invested and the income only applied by the Society to the work of the "Lily Lytle Broadwell Hospital at Fätehpur, India."

JOHN MASON KNOX, *Treas.*

OCTOBER RECEIPTS OF PHILADELPHIA BRANCH.

(Mrs. William Waterall, Treas.)

Quarterly Interest on Elizabeth Schaffer Fund..	$54 00
Semi-annual interest, Mrs. Earley Fund.....	27 50
Semi-annual interest, Mrs. Martha T. Carroll Fund	11 00
Semi-annual interest, Miss Pechin Fund.....	5 50
Semi-annual interest, Miss Davidson Fund.....	100 00
	$198 00

ENDOWED BEDS IN LILY LYTLE BROADWELL MEMORIAL HOSPITAL, FÄTEHPUR, INDIA.

ENDOWMENT, $600.00.

Opportunity—Mrs. Samuel J. Broadwell.
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Hannah Amelia White—Mrs. M. Morris White.
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Laura P. Halsted.

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INDIA: CALCUTTA: Gardner Memorial Orphanage, Zenana Work, Day Schools, Village Schools.

Address: Doremus House, 140 Dharamtala Street, and Orphanage, 54 Elliott Road.

ALLAHABAD: Converts' Home, Zenana Work, Day Schools.

Address: ALLAHABAD: Woman's Union Mission, 6 South Road.

CAWNPORE: Mary A. Merriman Orphanage, Zenana Work, Day Schools, Evangelistic Work.

Address: Woman's Union Mission.

JHANSI: Mary S. Ackerman-Hoyt Hospital and Dispensary, Nurses' Class, Zenana Work, Day and Sabbath Schools.

Address: Ackerman-Hoyt Hospital.

FÄTEHPUR: *Address:* HASWA, U. P.: Miss E. H. Todd.

CHINA: SHANGHAI: Margaret Williamson Hospital and Dispensary, Bridgman Memorial Boarding School, Day Schools, Evangelistic Work.

Address: Medical Missionaries, Margaret Williamson Hospital, West Gate; Other missionaries, Bridgman Memorial School, West Gate.

JAPAN: YOKOHAMA: Boarding School, Bible School, Evangelistic Work, Day and Sabbath Schools.

Address: Woman's Union Mission, 212 Bluff, Yokohama, Japan.

RUDOLPH LENZ

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THE AMERICAN SUNDAY SCHOOL UNION

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